

MANARA/PRATT

EL GAUCHO





The two greatest Italian artists in comics today once again join forces for a compelling beautifully illustrated novel centered on the New World. Like their previous collaboration, "Indian Summer", greed, power and hypocrisy fuel a story this time involving the early awakenings of independence in Argentina where Indians and Blacks seek alliance with the English or French whose motivations are hardly humanitarian. Caught within this destructive maelstrom are Tom the English drummer boy, the beautiful lass of Ireland Molly Malone, Matthew the hunchback and the Argentinian girl Aureliana who, together, try to keep a certain semblance of right and wrong.

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MANARA/PRATT

EL GAUCHO

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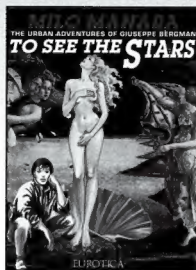
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MANARA/PRATT
EL GAUCHO
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Born in Edinburgh in 1787, Tom Browne of the 71st Scottish Light Infantry died about a hundred years later. He served under General Beresford and Admiral Home in one of the many adventures that illustrate the magnitude of the colonization wave which led to Europe's conquest and brutal division of new shores. An adventure set at the end of the world, at the tip of South America between Rio de la Plata and the Tierra del Fuego, between the River of Silver, which usurped somewhat its name from the precious metal, and a frozen land where the only heat came from homes of Indian tribes. Geography is too familiar with this toponimical irony.

In the beginning of the 19th century, Tom Browne was a tiny pawn, a young drummer in the midst of a great game whose rules were changed by the French Revolution and Napoleon the First. Alarmed by the French strive for power on the continent, the English wanted, more than ever, to control the seas. They populated Australia with their convicts, tried to maintain an influence in their ex-North American colonies, protected Canada and further south,

tried to overthrow the Spaniards by pushing the settlers to free themselves from their mother country. The Union Jack was to be seen floating everywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

The British had the best naval fleet of all. It was an armada of admirably built vessels commanded by exceptional beings. Their philosophers were of mercantile spirit and the tool, of their own fashioning, was freemasonry. This "sect", as designated and condemned by the papal bull of 1738, was born June 24th, 1717, on St. John's Day, with the creation of the Great Lodge of London, which officially marked the arrival of speculative masonry.

A few decades later, the Lodges were everywhere. Many of them freed themselves of the authority, however symbolic, of London. To such an extent that the rebel North American masons were, for the most part, the initiators of the Revolution against the British Crown.... All that remains of this is a symbolic picture of a decorated George Washington parading on December 27, 1778 in the streets of Philadelphia, at the head of a Masonic procession celebrating the defeat of the English troops.



According to the poet Kipling, it appears that freemasonry belonged to English imperialistic history. The Brothers were ardent defenders of the Monarchy, the parliament and of their national pride. Each regiment had at least one Lodge and Masonic work was linked to military action. The regimentary lodge was a meeting place, a place of fraternal gathering where group spirit became stronger and where the boredom of life in the garrisons was lessened in times of peace. Friendships were prolonged and acquaintances and common objectives were extended outside of a military context.

It is not by chance that Sir Home spoke of the American Lodge of London while in the vicinity of Buenos Aires in June of 1806. As he readies to land, he remembers the Wellington Brothers, Pitt and Miranda who was initiated in this same Lodge and was the first to demand the independence of the Spanish colonies of Latin America. But the divisions between the nations gave rise to divisions among the masons. The Lodges directly under British authority opposed themselves to the more revolutionary ones, led by the French. In Buenos Aires, the Independence of the South Cross Lodge, close to the French Brothers, confronted other masons, partisans of England ready to stand by the soldiers of the 71st as they prepared to enter the city.

In these first days of June 1806, this imminent landing also upset the black slaves from the rich plantations. The English had promised them liberty and they were getting ready to abolish the trading of slaves, a measure which was put into effect a few months later in the spring of 1807. However, it wasn't until 1833 that the English finally abolished slavery entirely, twenty years after Argentina, which, in the meantime, had become independent.



In this way, the slaves who were forced to help in history's convulsions hadn't miscalculated while in their Candombe bathed in candle light and the drum sounds of their Native Africa. Mami Mambo had predicted the cost of the massacres when she said: "Us Negroes can only tremble when we hear the word freedom. The slightest scare gives us the right to the most atrocious reprisals from the whites." Her conviction was based on the bloody French repression on Dominican land that fueled stories and testimonials on plantations from the Carib-

bean to South America and raised doubt among the slaves as to what could be expected from the white man.

In this moment of history as told by Hugo Pratt and illustrated by Milo Manara, events follow their course in the name of freedom, a philosophical concept for the English who manipulate it to their advantage with settlers as well as slaves with contradictory promises. It gives hope to the blacks, victims of slavery, who are ready to accept any improbable alliance without any real illusions as to the out-

come, like old Cipriano, veteran of the Ethiopian regiment, did. Hope also to the Irish prostitutes of the ship *Encounter*, deported to Australia while submitted, in the meantime, to the pleasures of the officers of the Royal Navy. In this way, everyone tries to find their lucky star in the galaxy of freedom: the one that would allow them to survive the shock of self-interest, the brutality of instincts, the ambitions of State and the aspirations of man. As so often happens, the testimony of an alert witness, a centenarian, a parchment-

like statue living under the tent of the Namuncura Cacic is all that is left, a leather mummy delivering his abundance of memories to an initially ironic scribe, the soldier Hermosid, who then becomes an attentive witness to his decades of miserable and moving secrets.

What remains is this story which could illustrate the banner with the coat of arms of the 71st Scottish Light Infantry which is displayed to this day in the Cathedral of Buenos Aires.

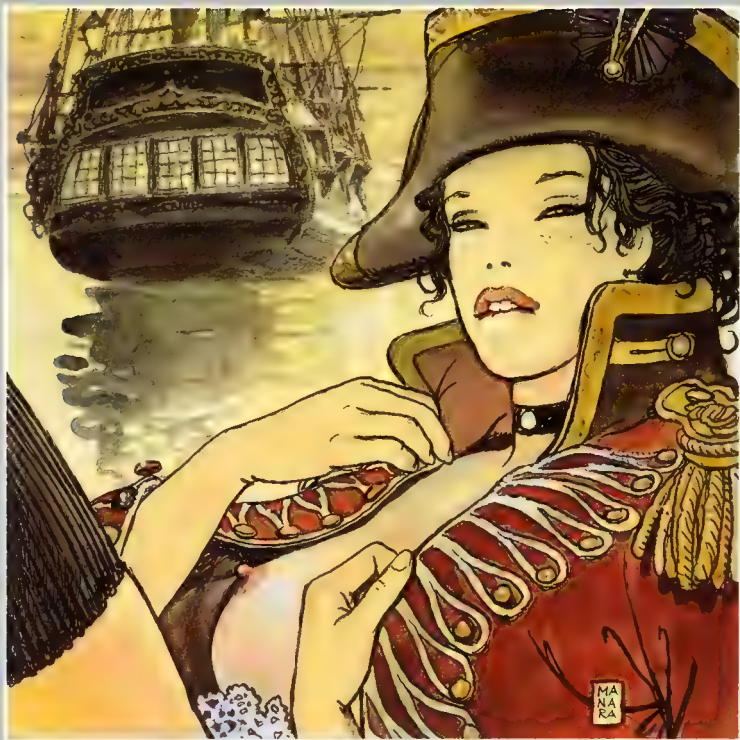
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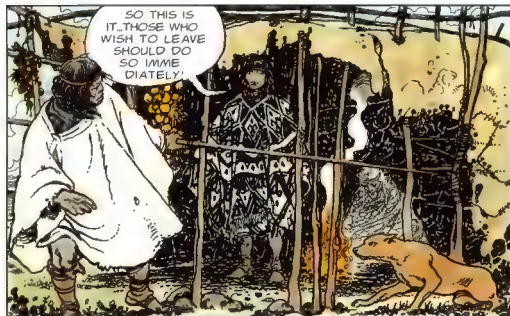


MA
NA
RA

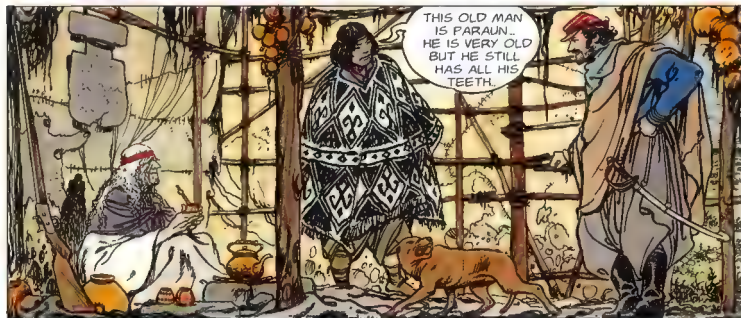
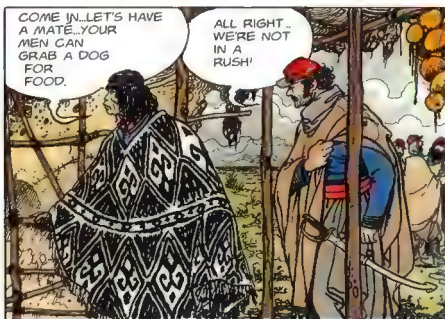
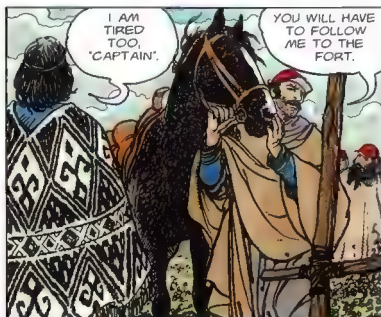


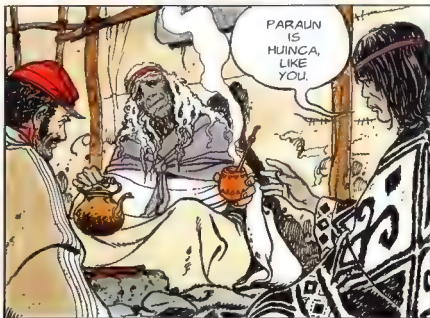
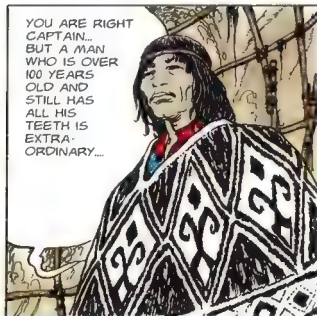
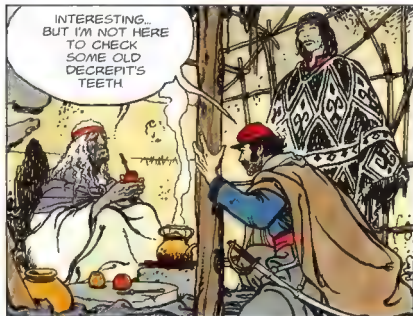














WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, HUINCA?
DON'T TELL ME
THAT THIS
LEATHER MUMMY
IS A WHITE
MAN?!



YES
HUINCA
AND A
CHRISTIAN



HERMOSID!
COME
HERE!



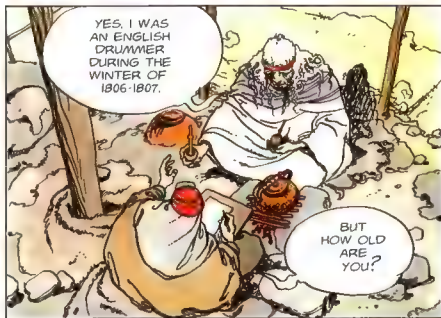
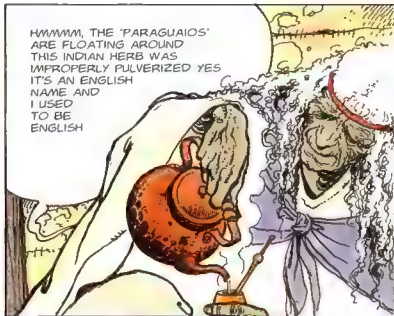
AT YOUR
COMMAND,
CAPTAIN



TAKE
NOTE
TODAY
IN THE TOLDERIA OF
THE NAMUNCURA
CACI, WE
HAVE FOUND
AN ELDERLY
WHITE MAN.



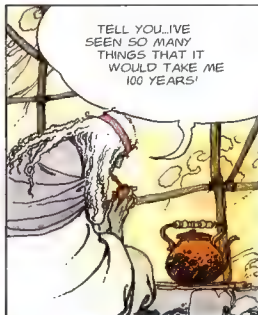






I DON'T REMEMBER
VERY WELL ANYMORE. I
GET CONFUSED AS TO
THE CHARACTERS. BUT
IT WAS A GREAT
ADVENTURE.

TELL ME
BROWNE



TELL YOU...I'VE
SEEN SO MANY
THINGS THAT IT
WOULD TAKE ME
100 YEARS!



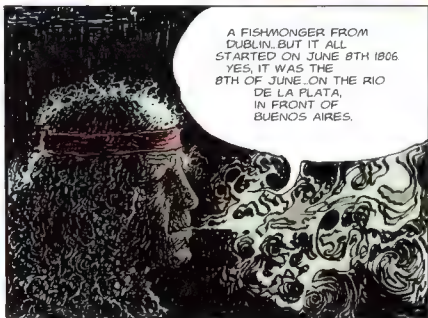
I'VE BEEN WITH WHITELOCK
GUEIMER, ROSAS, RAMIREZ,
LOPEZ AND CALFUCURA
A LIFE FILLED
WITH ADVENTURES
AND WOMEN.
ESPECIALLY ONE.



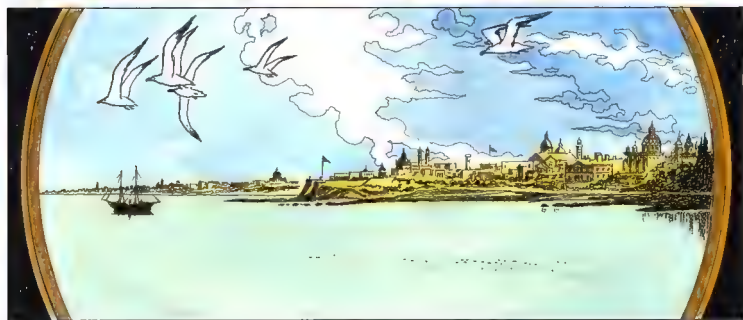
MOLLY..
MOLLY
MALONE.

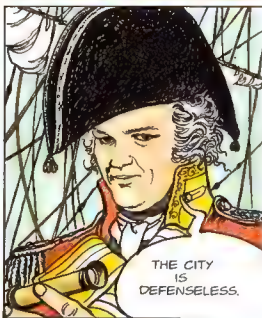


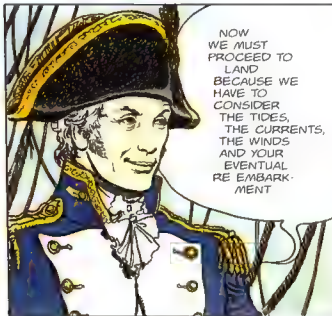
WHO
WAS
MOLLY
MALONE?

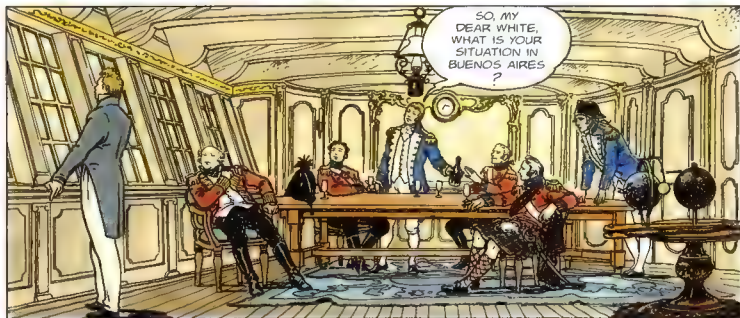


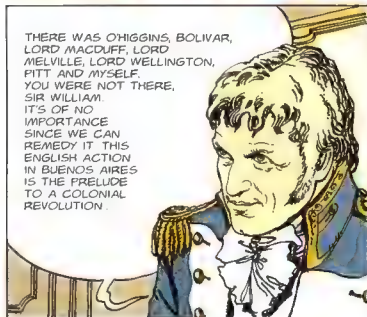
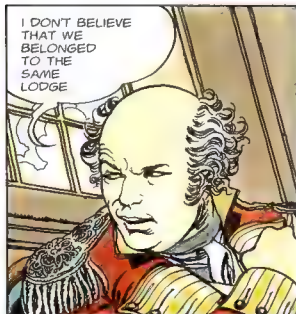
A FISHMONGER FROM
DUBLIN. BUT IT ALL
STARTED ON JUNE 8TH 1806
YES, IT WAS THE
8TH OF JUNE. ON THE RIO
DE LA PLATA,
IN FRONT OF
BUENOS AIRES.

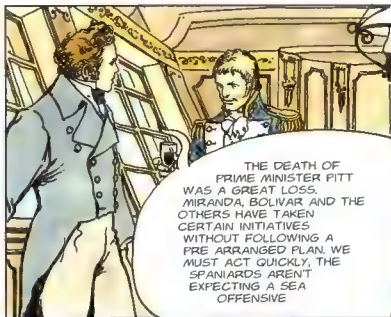












THE DEATH OF
PRIME MINISTER PITT
WAS A GREAT LOSS.
MIRANDA, BOLIVAR AND THE
OTHERS HAVE TAKEN
CERTAIN INITIATIVES
WITHOUT FOLLOWING A
PRE ARRANGED PLAN. WE
MUST ACT QUICKLY, THE
SPANIARDS ARENT
EXPECTING A SEA
OFFENSIVE



THE SPANISH
CUSTOMS
ADMINISTRATOR IS
FULL OF
DEBTS HE IS
READY TO HELP
US IN ORDER
TO CURE
HIS ANEMIC
WALLET. HE
WILL HAND
OVER THE
ROYAL TREASURE
OF LUIAN
PERSONALLY



VERY WELL, WHITE
THIS EXPEDITION
HAS TO BENEFIT
THE COLLEAGUES
THAT HAVE
PARTICIPATED
IN THIS UNDER-
TAKING. ANYWAY,
THE LATE LORD
PITT DID AGREE
WITH THIS
ACTION

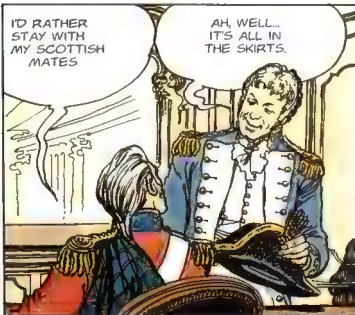


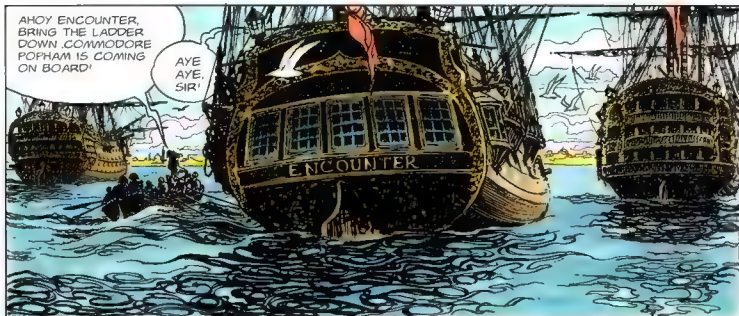
ONCE THE COLONIES
ARE INDEPENDENT,
WE'LL STIMULATE
TRADE
WITH
ENGLAND.



WE KNOW
THAT THERE ARE 2
LODGES IN BUENOS AIRES
WHAT SIDE
ARE
THEY ON?

ONE IS FIGHTING FOR
INDEPENDENCE WITH
THE FRENCH AND
THE OTHER, THAT
OF THE BROTHERS
LINIERS, LEANS
TOWARDS US.





AHOY ENCOUNTER,
BRING THE LADDER
DOWN. COMMODORE
POPHAM IS COMING
ON BOARD!

AYE
AYE,
SIR!



QUARTER
MASTER,
CLEAN
THOSE
GIRLS UP
THE OFFICERS
ARE ARRIVING.

LET'S HOPE THAT
THEY GET THEIR
ROCKS OFF!



ID RATHER NOT
UNDERSTAND THAT
CLAGG JUST
DO AS
I SAY!



I DIDNT
SAY
ANYTHING
SIR...
AT YOUR
COMMAND,
SIR.



MATTHEW,
GET
THOSE
IRISH WHORES
READY!



WASHING THEM
SURE IS A
STRANGE
IDEA THEY
HAVE THEIR
OWN NATURAL
PERFUME.

THE
ARISTOCRATS
HAVE A
DELICATE
NOSE



ONE OF THOSE SCUM OFFICERS JUST
POFFED THE CHERRY OF SOME POOR
LITTLE DRUMMER FROM THE TIST
IF YOU'D HAD A WHIFF OF
THAT OOD IN THE
LIEUTENANT OF THE
VESSEL'S CABIN.



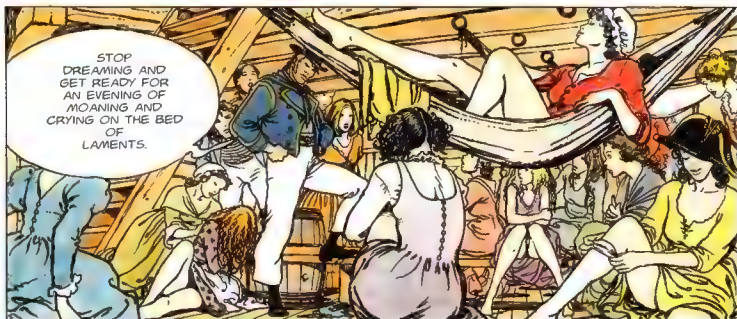
I REMEMBER
THAT SMELL.
WHEN I WAS A
CABIN BOY, I HAD
MY CHERRY POPPED
TOO

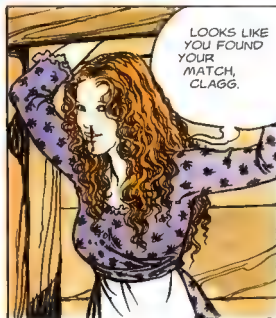


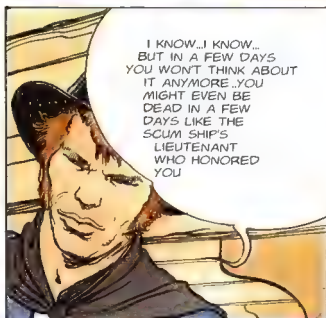
BUT
AFTER,
I GOT MY
REVENGE!

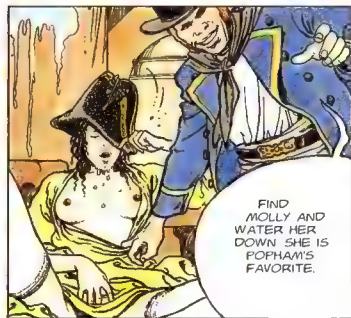
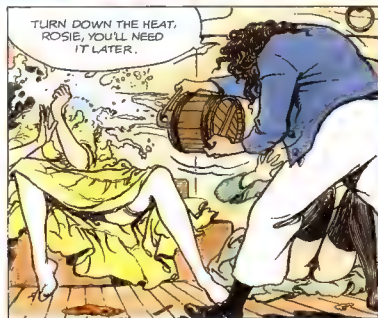


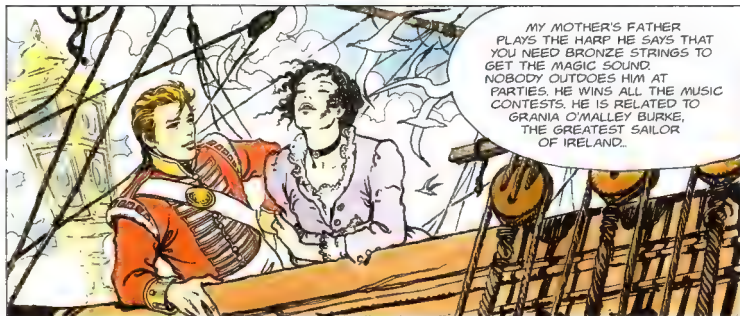
HEY CLAGG..
I DREAMED THAT THE
'BANSHEES' WERE
WASHING YOUR
SHIRT BY
THE SIDE
OF
A STREAM.











MY MOTHER'S FATHER
PLAYS THE HARP HE SAYS THAT
YOU NEED BRONZE STRINGS TO
GET THE MAGIC SOUND.
NOBODY OUTDOES HIM AT
PARTIES. HE WINS ALL THE MUSIC
CONTESTS. HE IS RELATED TO
GRANIA O'MALLEY BURKE,
THE GREATEST SAILOR
OF IRELAND...

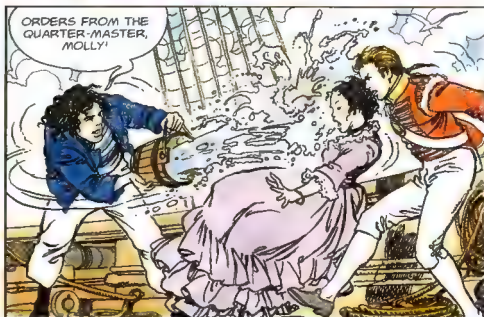


EVEN
IF SHE
WAS A
WOMAN.

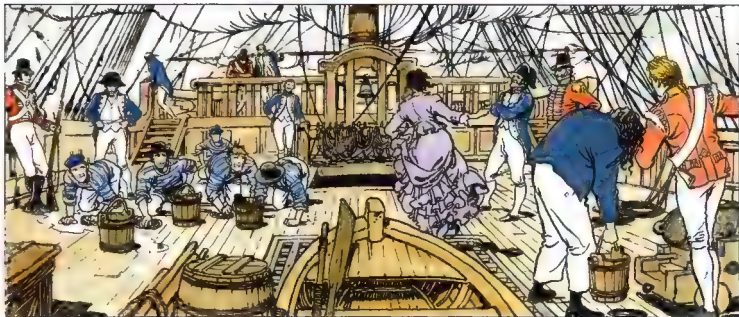


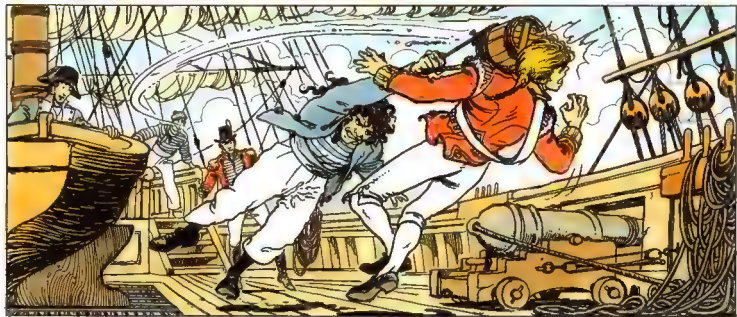
IS YOUR
FATHER
SERGEANT
LINCH?

NO, THE SERGEANT IS
MY MOTHER'S BOSS AND
MINE TOO. HE BOUGHT US
AT THE DEBT PRISON
OF DUBLIN.



ORDERS FROM THE
QUARTER-MASTER,
MOLLY!









BERESFORD
IS A BORE
LET'S HOPE THAT
EVENTS WILL RID
US OF
HIM



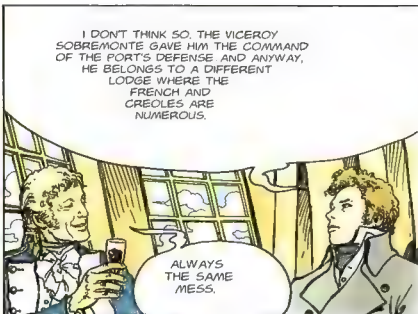
THAT'S NOT WHERE THE
PROBLEM LIES LET'S
CONCENTRATE INSTEAD
ON THE REPARTITION OF
THE 'COLONY'S TREASURE'.
A PART OF IT GOES
TO OUR FRIENDS
AT THE 'BUENOS
AIRES LODGE'.

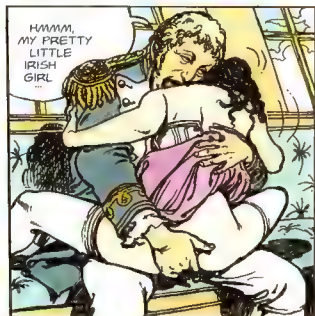
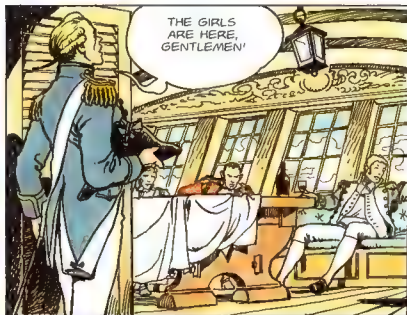


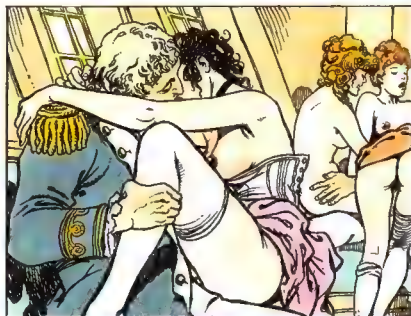
WHAT PERCENTAGE?
A THIRD SOUNDS LIKE TOO MUCH. WE
ALREADY HAVE TO GIVE A THIRD
OF IT TO THOSE WHO ARE
FINANCING THE OPERA
TION IN ENGLAND.

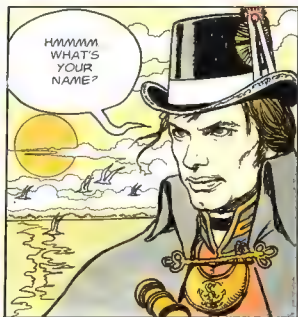


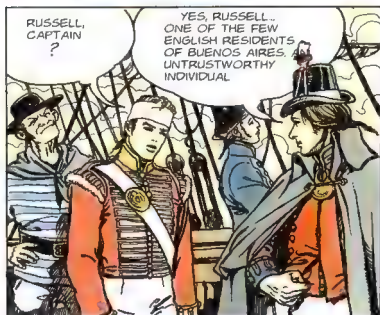
I MEAN,
A THIRD TO DIVIDE
BETWEEN THE FREE-
MASON'S AND THE
ROYAL NAVY THAT
WOULD LEAVE US WITH
A THIRD...TO DIVIDE
AMONGST BERESFORD,
PACK AND O'GORMAN
YES, I THINK
THAT WE'LL
ONLY GIVE A
QUARTER OF
THE TREASURE
TO OUR FRIENDS
FROM THE
LODGE

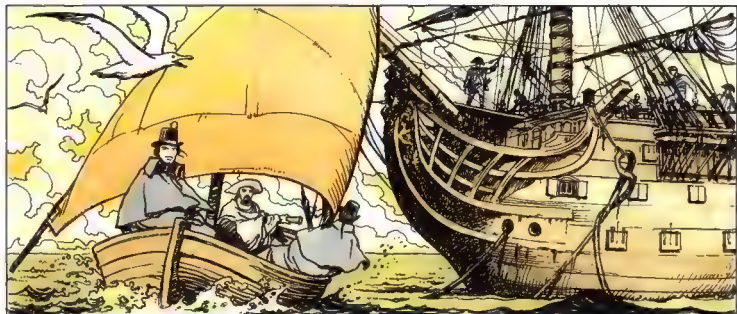


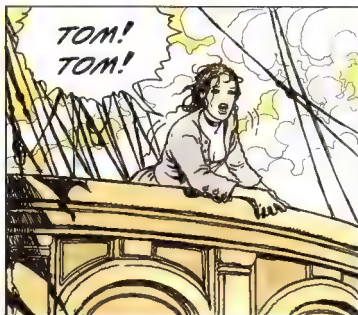


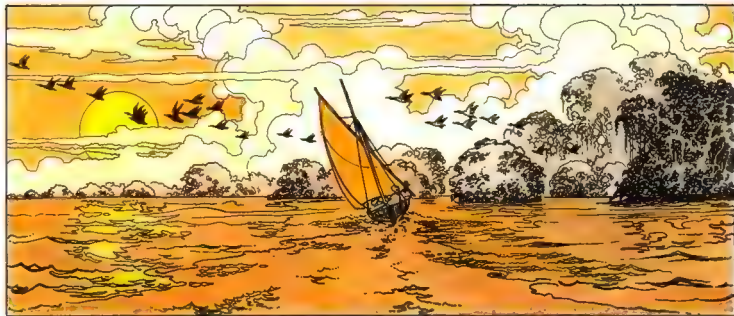


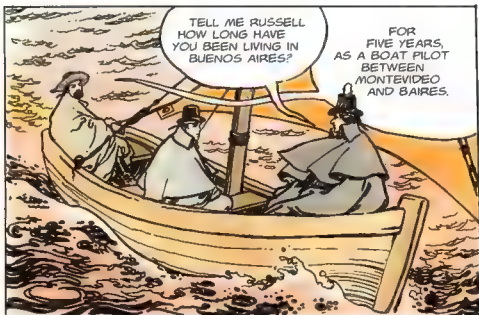






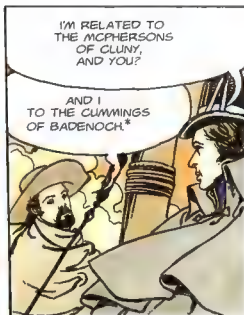






TELL ME RUSSELL
HOW LONG HAVE
YOU BEEN LIVING IN
BUENOS AIRES?

FOR
FIVE YEARS,
AS A BOAT PILOT
BETWEEN
MONTEVIDEO
AND BAIRE.



I'M RELATED TO
THE MCPHERSONS
OF CLUNY,
AND YOU?

AND I
TO THE CUMMINGS
OF BADENOCH*

*SCOTTISH CLANS

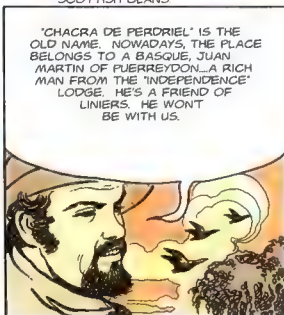


WHERE
ARE WE
HEADED?

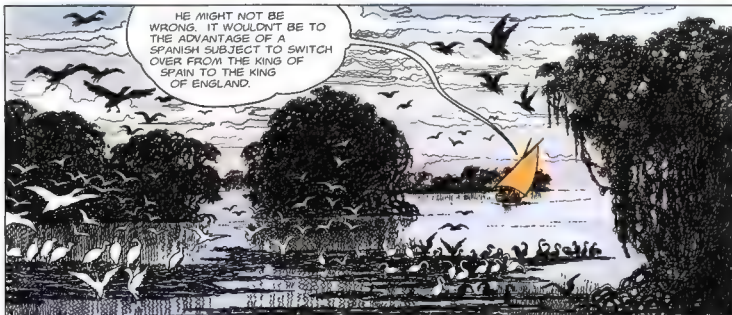
TO
SAN
ISIDRO!



WE ARE TO
DISEMBARK AT
'LA CHACRA DE
PERDRIEL' NEAR
SAN ISIDRO



'CHACRA DE PERDRIEL' IS THE
OLD NAME. NOWADAYS, THE PLACE
BELONGS TO A BASQUE, JUAN
MARTIN OF FUERREYDON...A RICH
MAN FROM THE 'INDEPENDENCE'
LODGE. HE'S A FRIEND OF
LINIERS. HE WON'T
BE WITH US.



HE MIGHT NOT BE
WRONG. IT WOULDN'T BE TO
THE ADVANTAGE OF A
SPANISH SUBJECT TO SWITCH
OVER FROM THE KING OF
SPAIN TO THE KING
OF ENGLAND.





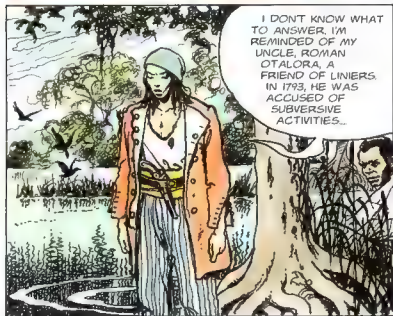
YEAH?
AND YOU
ARE HALF
WHITE AND
HALF
BLACK.



AND
I THINK
I'M JUST
AS VILE!



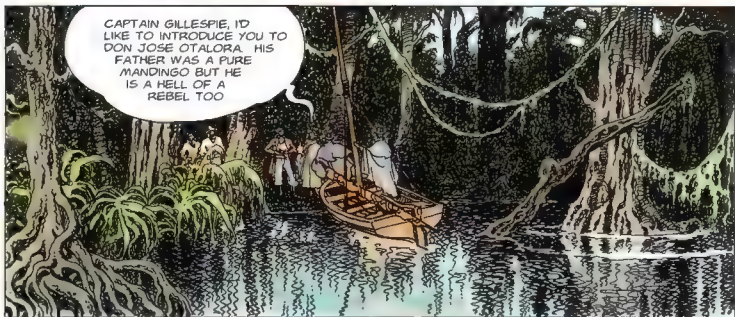
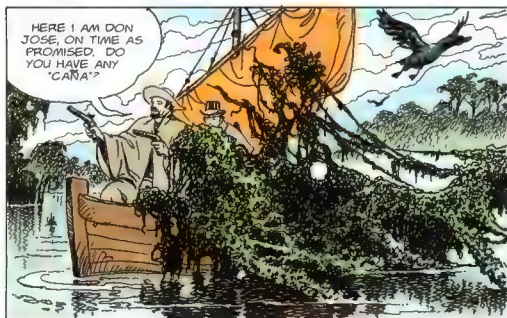
BUT
ARE THEY
GOING TO
GIVE US
OUR
FREEDOM?



I DON'T KNOW WHAT
TO ANSWER, I'M
REMINDED OF MY
UNCLE, ROMAN
OTALORA, A
FRIEND OF LINERS.
IN 1793, HE WAS
ACCUSED OF
SUBVERSIVE
ACTIVITIES...



AND HE GOT THE
WORST OF IT FOR
HIS FRIEND IN ANY
CASE, WE ARE WITH
THEM FOR THE
MOMENT. LATER,
WE'LL ALSO FREE
OURSELVES OF
THESE NEW
MASTERS.





BUT...

OTALORA IS THE NAME THAT WAS IMPOSED ON ME BY THE FAMILY THAT I BELONG TO AS A SLAVE I DON'T KNOW MY REAL NAME. MY FATHER DIDN'T KNOW IT EITHER



HE DIDN'T REMEMBER IT ANYMORE. IN HIS YOUTH, HE WAS ORDERED TO FORGET IT AND SINCE THEN, WE HAVE A WHITE NAME.



HOWEVER, MY MOTHER'S IS MANVA. SHE IS A DESCENDANT OF CHIEF CHARRUA WHO KILLED ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF BUENOS AIRES IN 1589. JUAN DEGARAY



ALL RIGHT. I'M NOT HERE TO DISCUSS THE GENEALOGY OF THE OTALORA FAMILY BUT TO FIND OUT HOW MANY SOLDIERS THERE ARE IN THE CITY AND THE SURROUNDING AREA



MORE OR LESS 2000 MEN. MAYBE LESS. THE INFANTRY REGIMENT 'EL FIJO', THE BUENOS AIRES DRAGONS, THE 'REAL CUERPO DE ARTILLERIA' AND 'LOS BLANDENGUES' OF BUENOS AIRES AND MONTEVIDEO.



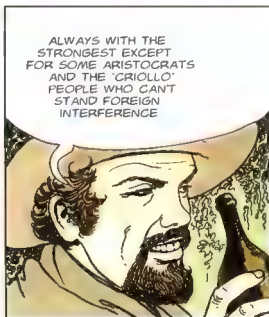
I THOUGHT
THERE WERE
MORE



THERE ARE MORE OFFICERS
THAN SOLDIERS. THEIR
PAY COSTS A LOT AND
THE VICEROY PREFERS
SPENDING MONEY
ON SPECULATIONS
ABOUT IMPORTING
SLAVES AND OTHER
MERCHANDISE
ON THE EDGE
OF LEGALITY



WHAT WILL THE CREOLE,
INDIAN AND AFRICAN
COMMUNITIES OF
BUENOS AIRES DO?
WHO WILL THEY
SIDE WITH?



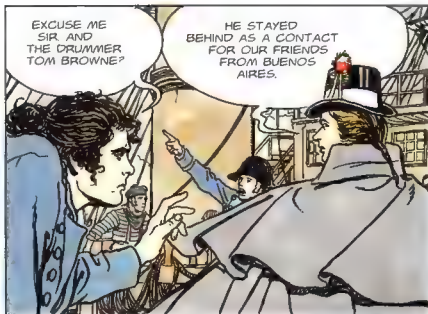
ALWAYS WITH THE
STRONGEST EXCEPT
FOR SOME ARISTOCRATS
AND THE 'CRIOLLO'
PEOPLE WHO CAN'T
STAND FOREIGN
INTERFERENCE

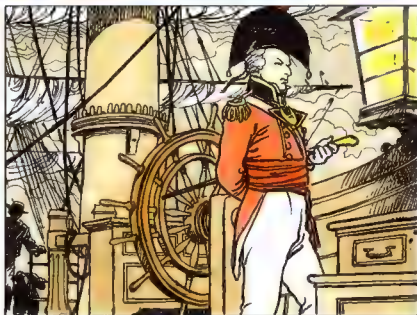


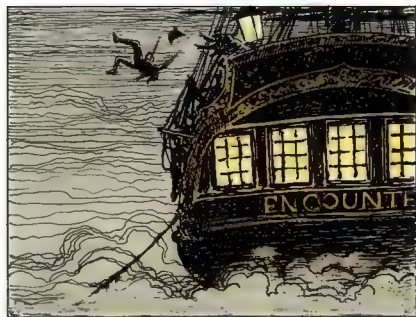
OK, I'M GOING BACK
TO THE SHIP. TO SHOW
OUR WILL TO FREE THE
SLAVES IF THEY SIDE
WITH US, TOM
WILL STAY HERE
AS A HOSTAGE.

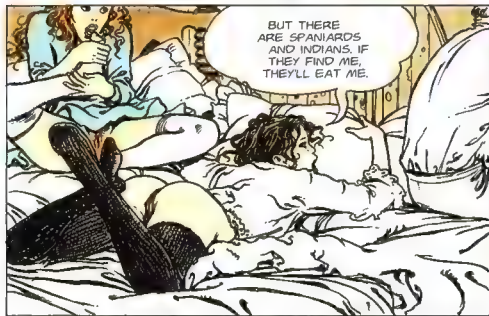


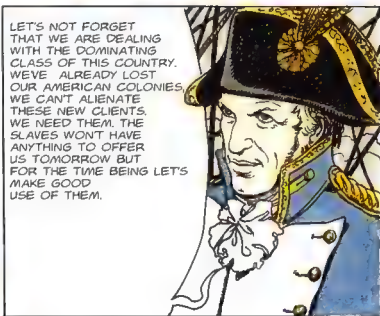


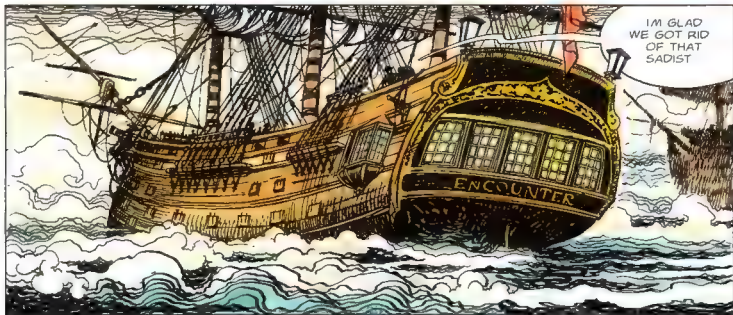
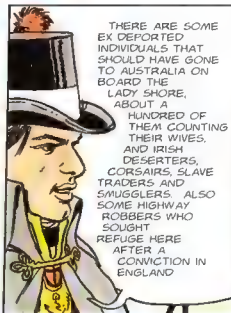
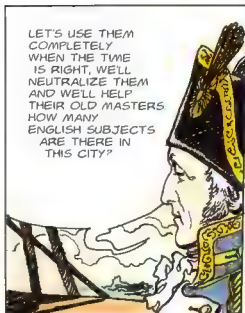




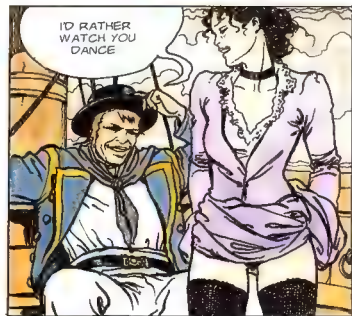








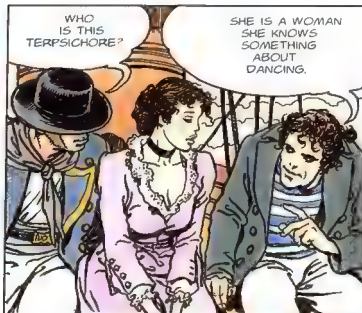






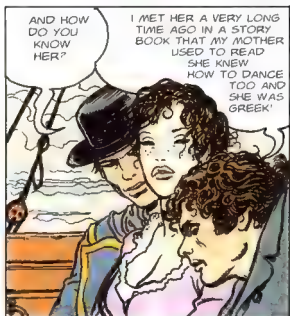
IF YOU
DANCE WELL,
YOU CAN COUNT
ON ME. I'LL
BRING YOU
TO SHORE

WELL, WELL, A
TERPSICHOREAN
DISCIPLE



WHO
IS THIS
TERPSICHORE?

SHE IS A WOMAN
SHE KNOWS
SOMETHING
ABOUT
DANCING.

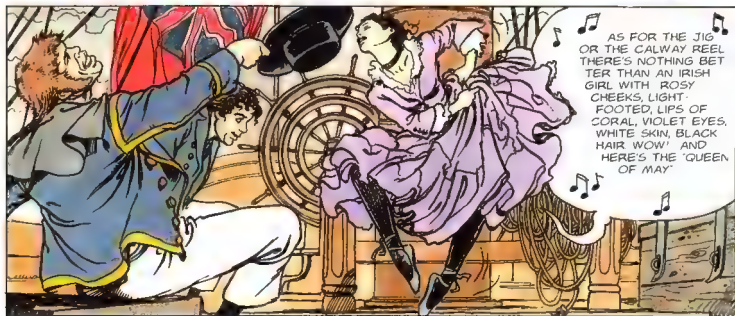


AND HOW
DO YOU
KNOW
HER?

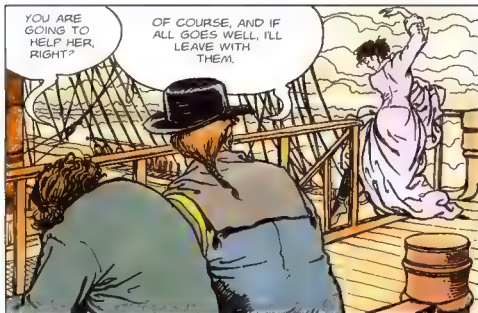
I MET HER A VERY LONG
TIME AGO IN A STORY
BOOK THAT MY MOTHER
USED TO READ
SHE KNEW
HOW TO DANCE
TOO AND
SHE WAS
GREEK!

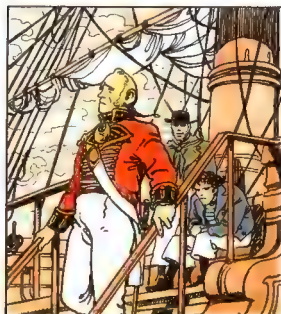
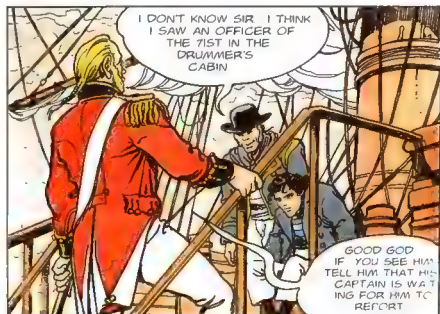


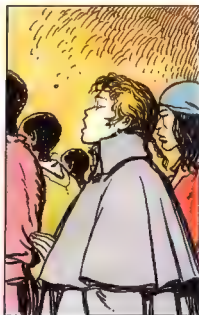
TONIGHT I'LL DANCE
FOR YOU AND
MATT. I'VE NEVER
HEARD OF THIS
TERPSICHORE
BUT .

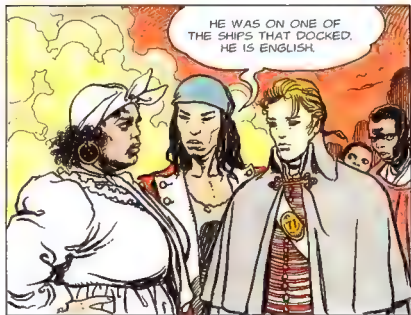


AS FOR THE JIG
OR THE GALWAY REEL
THERE'S NOTHING BET
TER THAN AN IRISH
GIRL WITH ROSY
CHEEKS, LIGHT-
FOOTED, LIPS OF
CORAL, VIOLET EYES,
WHITE SKIN, BLACK
HAIR WOW! AND
HERE'S THE 'QUEEN
OF MAY'











LISTEN MAMI MAMBO,
THOSE ENGLISHMEN ARE
PROMISING US OUR
FREEDOM IF WE
WALK WITH THEM

JOSE.



US NEGROES
CAN ONLY TREMBLE
WHEN WE HEAR THE
WORD FREEDOM
THE SLIGHTEST
SCARE GIVES US
THE RIGHT TO
THE MOST
ATROCIOUS
REPRISALS FROM
THE WHITES



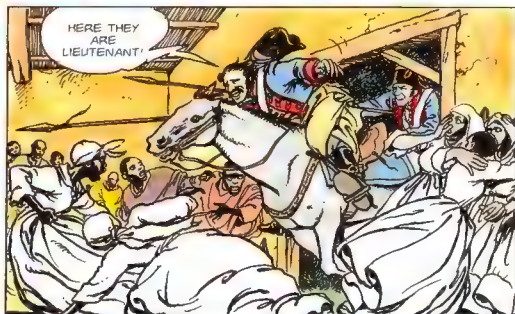
BUT THESE ENGLISHMEN
WILL GIVE
US FREEDOM.

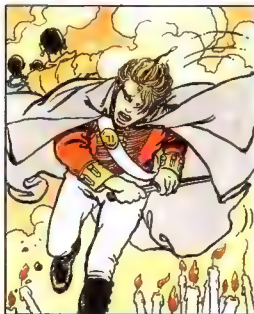
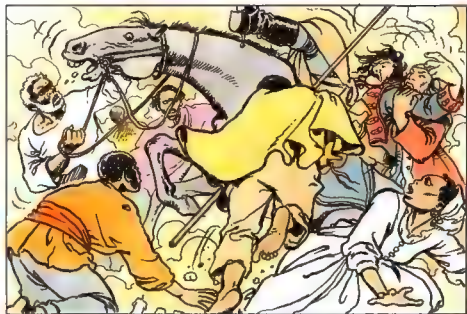


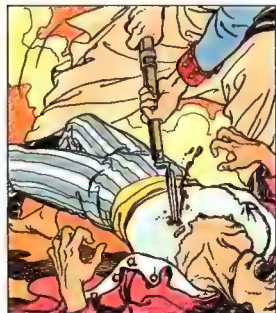
HIS SKIN IS AS WHITE
AS THE SPANIARDS',
IF NOT
MORE

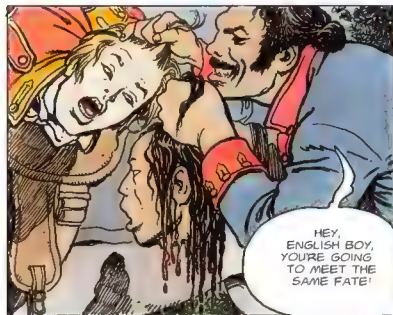


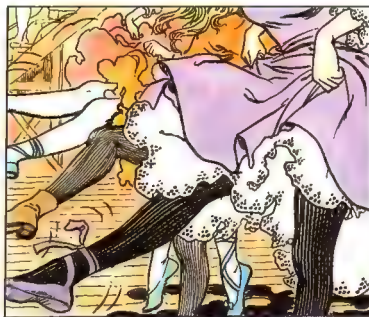
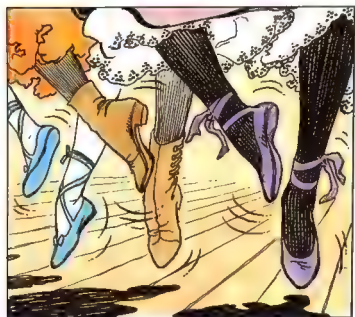
THE FRENCH
BLACKS TOLD
US IN GREAT
DETAIL ABOUT
HOW THE
AFRICAN
REVOLT
ENDED IN
SAN DOMINGO

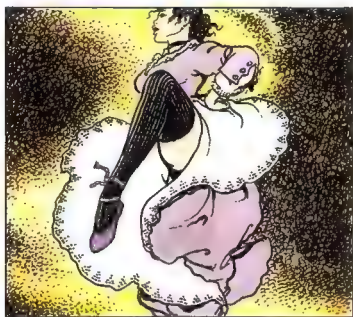


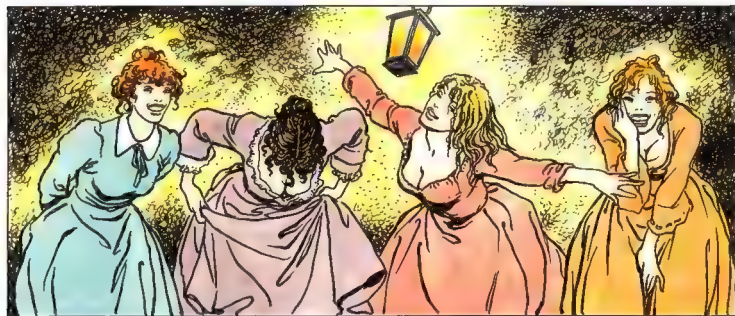
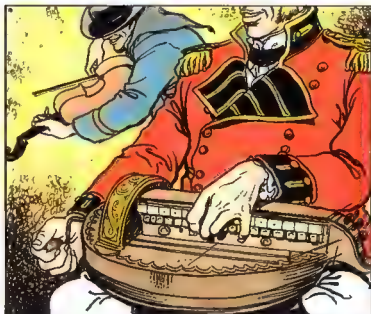




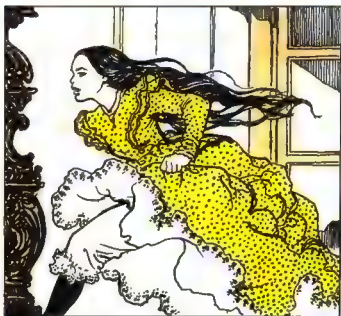






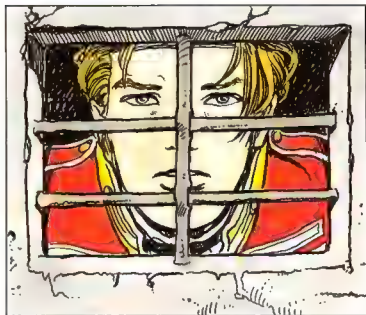


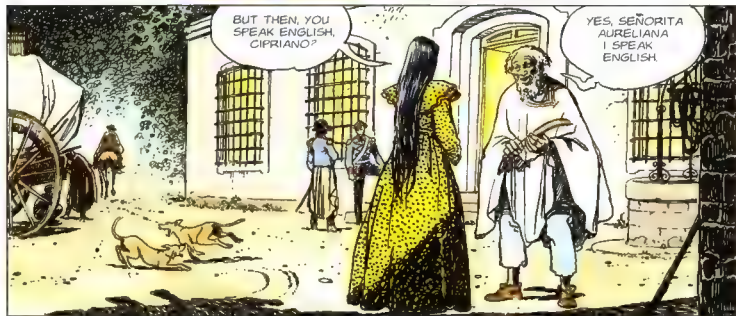
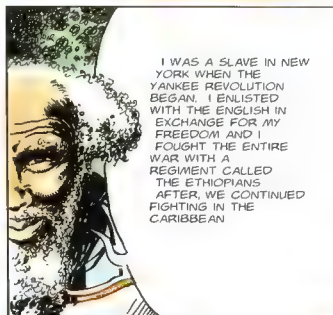
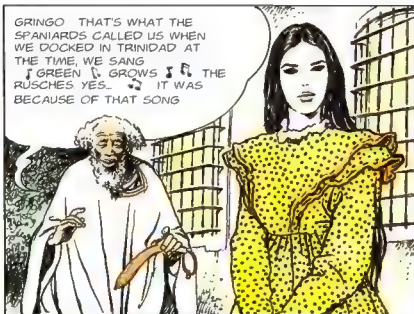


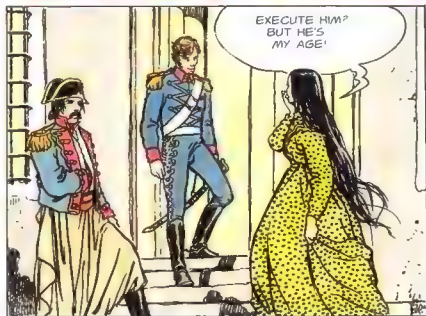
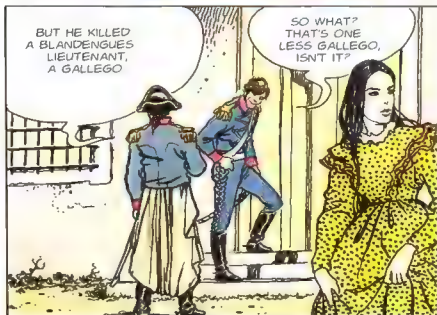
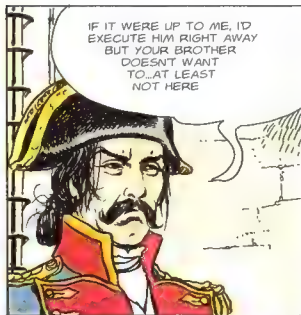


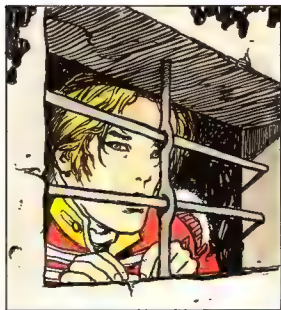
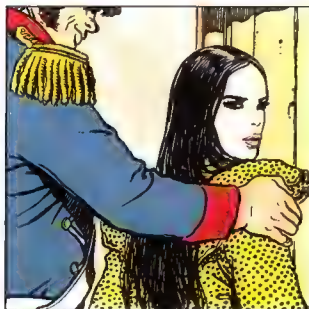


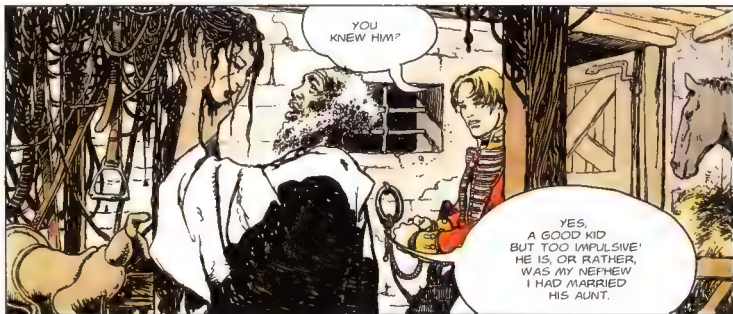










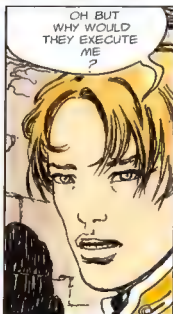


YOU
KNEW HIM?

YES,
A GOOD KID
BUT TOO IMPULSIVE!
HE IS, OR RATHER,
WAS MY NEPHEW
I HAD MARRIED
HIS AUNT.



YOU GOT BETTER
LUCK, SEÑORITA
AURELIANA
WON'T LET
YOU BE
EXECUTED



OH BUT
WHY WOULD
THEY EXECUTE
ME?



BECAUSE YOU'RE AN
ENGLISH SOLDIER, A
LUTHERAN, A SPY AND
YOU KILLED A
SPANISH
SOLDIER



THAT OFFI-
CER KILLED
JOSE HE
WAS GOING
TO KILL ME
TOO

THEY NEED LESS THAN THAT TO
KILL YOU BUT SEÑORITA AURELIANA
IS YOUR AGE MORE OR LESS,
IT MUST HAVE
TOUCHED HER



SLEEP
IF YOU
CAN, I'M
GOING TO
BURY MY
NEPHEW





RIGHT, SERGEANT.
BUT I CAN'T LET THIS
GO. THAT GIRL IS
GOING TO PAY



WE'D NEED 14000 SOLDIERS TO
COVER THE TERRITORY OF WHICH
6000 WOULD HAVE TO BE IN BUENOS
AIRES TO COUNTER THE PIRATES.
IN FACT, WE ONLY HAVE
A 1000 WITH MORE
IN MONTEVIDEO.



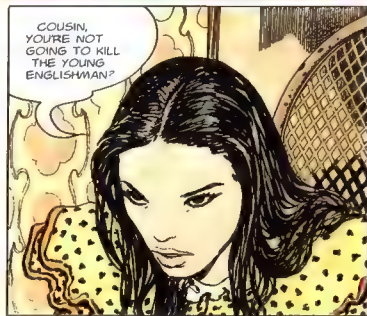
BUT THERE ARE
50000 PEOPLE IN
THE CITY. THOSE
PIRATES CAN'T
DO ANYTHING
AGAINST US



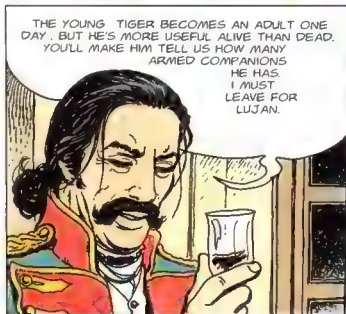
EXACTLY,
MANUELA
THOSE PIRATES
DON'T HAVE ANY
POSSESSIONS OR
FAMILY HERE.
THEY HAVE
NOTHING
TO LOSE



AND THEN
OUR SLAVES,
MULATTOS
AND HALF-
BREEDS, WILL
REBEL AGAINST
THEIR MASTERS
FIRST CHANCE
THEY GET.



COUSIN,
YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO KILL
THE YOUNG
ENGLISHMAN?





VERY WELL,
LIEUTENANT
YOU, REYES...



WHAT WILL YOU GIVE
ME IF I LEAVE YOU
HERE SO THAT
YOU GET YOUR
REVENGE?

A POUCH
OF
TOBACCO.

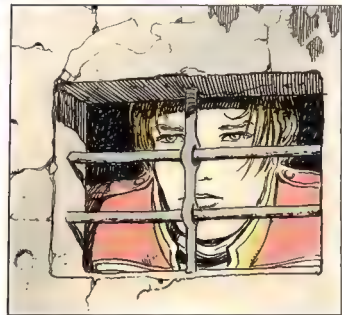
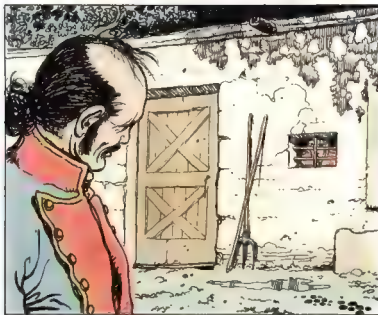


OK, ALL RIGHT
FOR THE
POUCH,
FOOL!



YOU'LL COME TO NO GOOD,
REYES. BUT IF YOU SUCCEED
IN GETTING THE
NINA, THINK
OF ME









IT'S BEST THAT
ONLY ONE OF US GO
SCOUTING AROUND.
THE OTHERS WILL
WAIT HERE



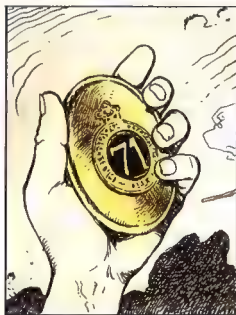
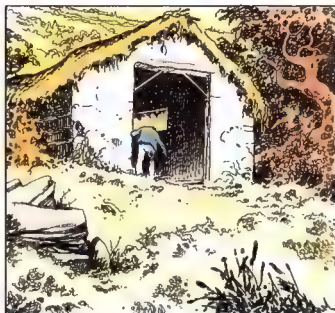
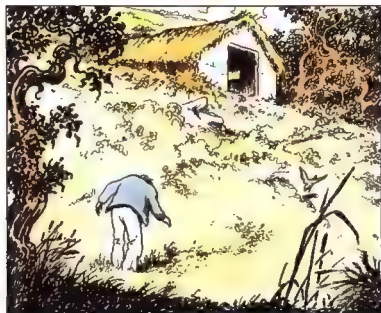
THEN I'LL GO
THANKS TO MY
MOTHER, I CAN
GET BY IN
SPANISH

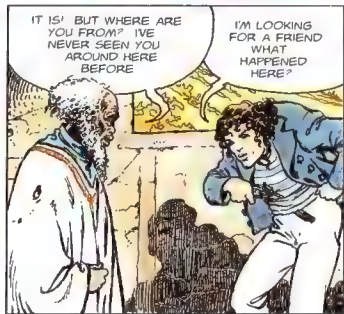
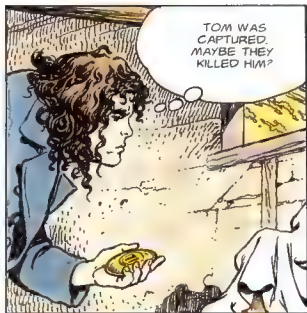


WASN'T
SHE
GREEK?



YES, BUT
OF MARRAN
JEWISH
ROOTS



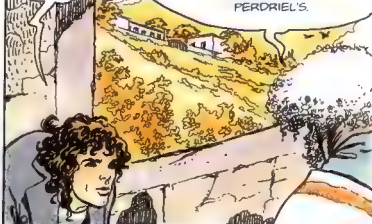


THE BLANDENGUES SOLDIERS KILLED
MY NEPHEW AND I CAME TO BURY
HIM. THEY WANTED TO CAPTURE
AN ENGLISH PIRATE



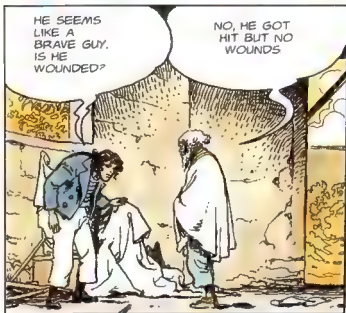
WHAT
PIRATE?

A YOUNG ENGLISH SOLDIER. HE
CAME OFF ONE OF THE SHIPS IN
THE BAY. HE TRIED TO DEFEND
MY NEPHEW AND NOW
HE'S A PRISONER UP
THERE AT THE
FERDRIEL'S.



HE SEEMS
LIKE A
BRAVE GUY.
IS HE
WOUNDED?

NO, HE GOT
HIT BUT NO
WOUNDS



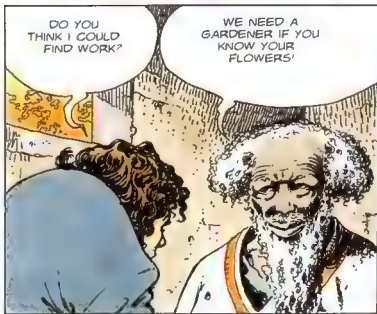
ARE THERE
A LOT OF
PEOPLE UP
THERE?

ABOUT TEN
SERVANTS AND
THREE SOLDIERS
GUARDING
THE PRISONER!



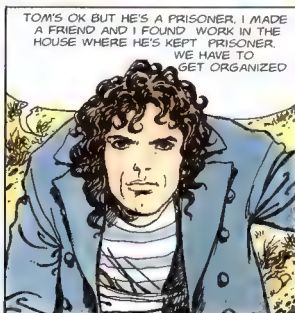
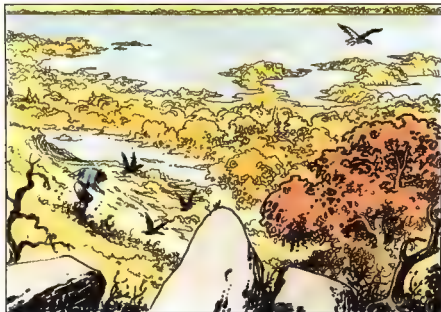
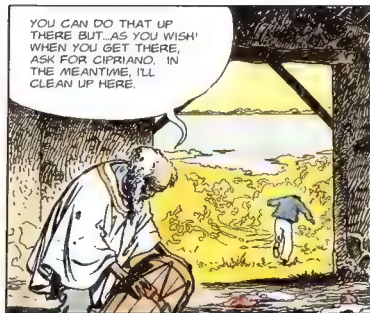
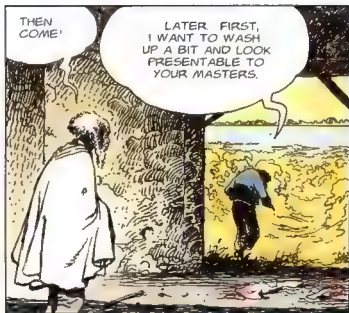
DO YOU
THINK I COULD
FIND WORK?

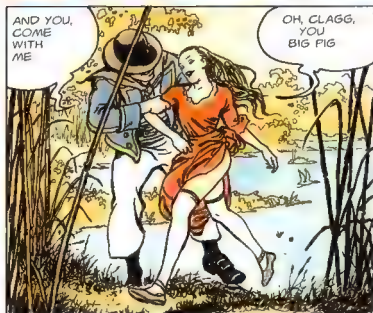
WE NEED A
GARDENER IF YOU
KNOW YOUR
FLOWERS!

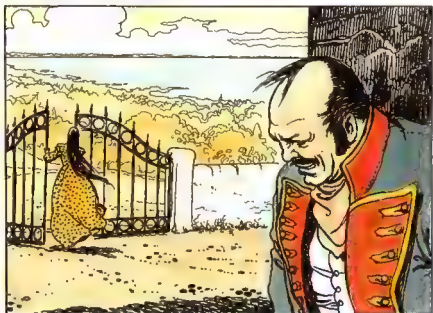
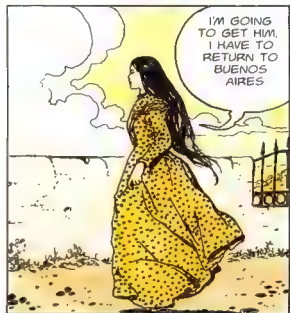
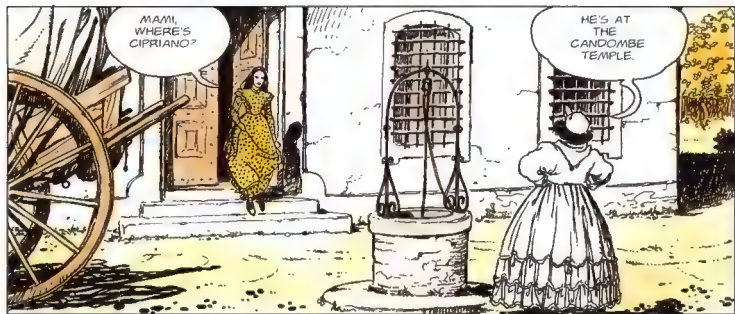


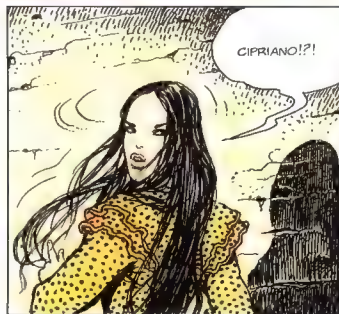
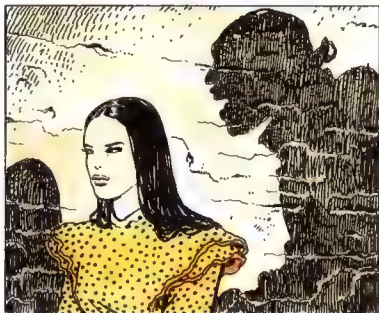
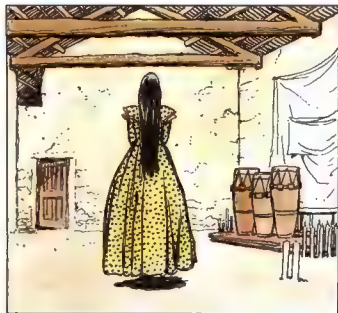
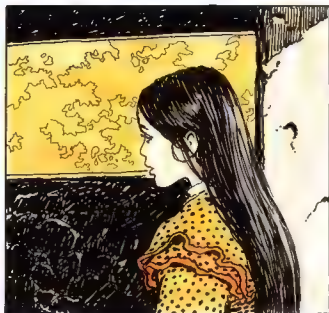
FLOWERS?
MY
SPECIALTY!

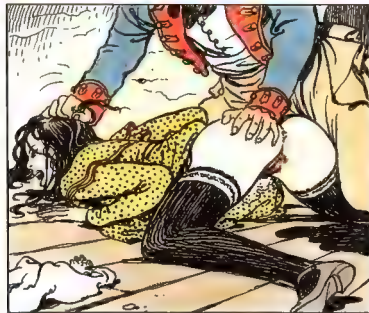
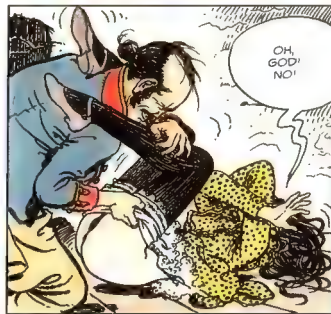
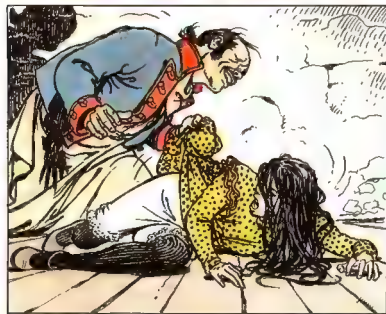


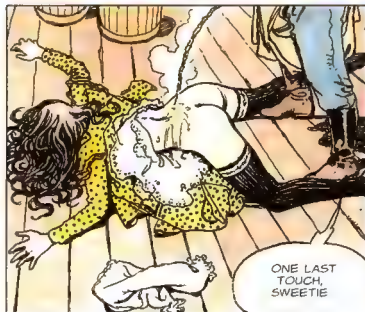
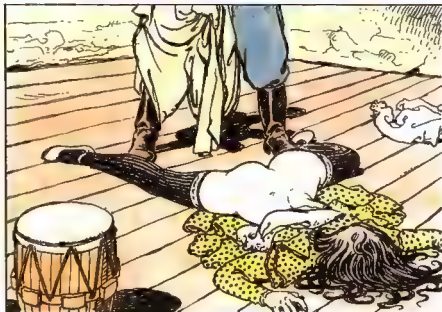
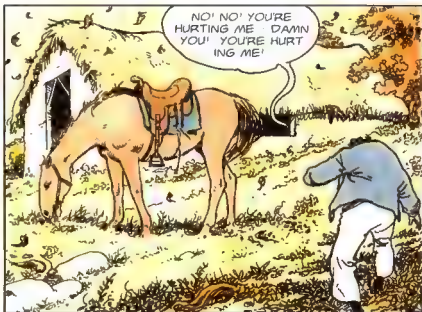


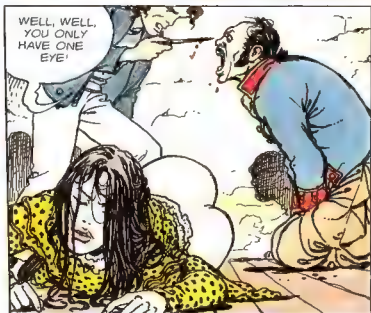
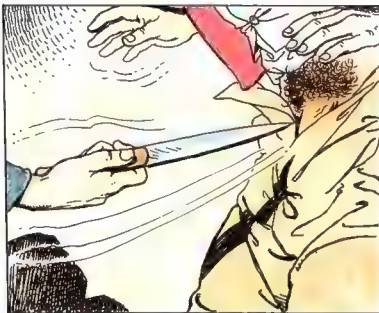


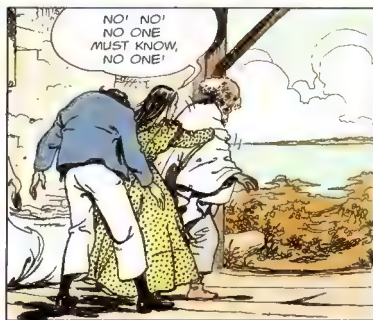
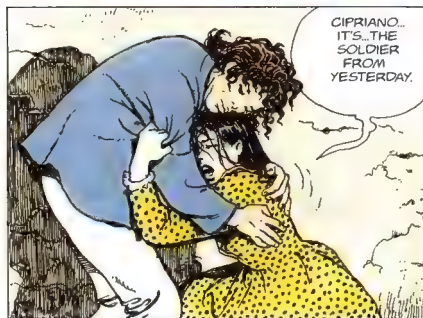


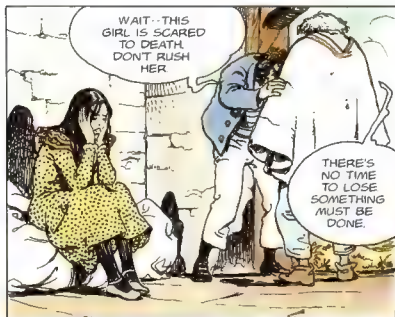




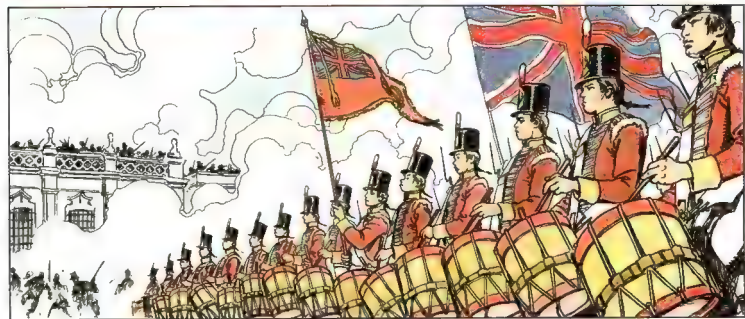


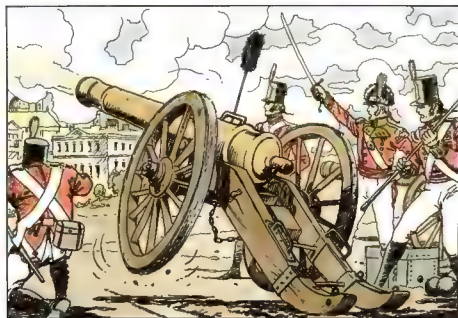
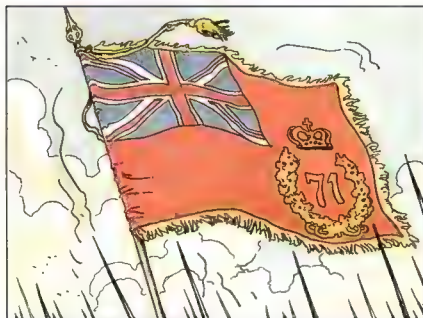


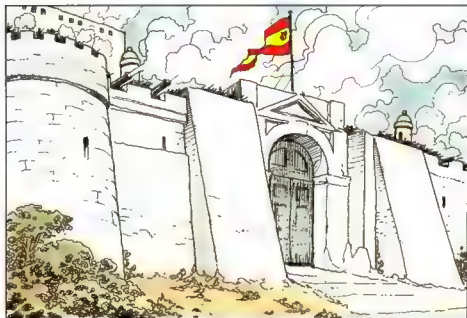


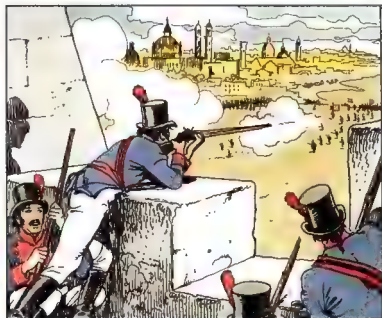


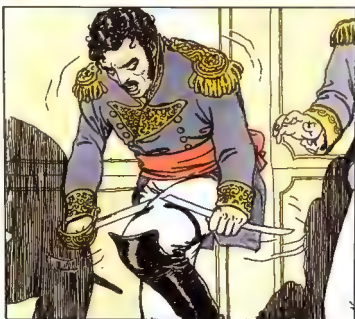


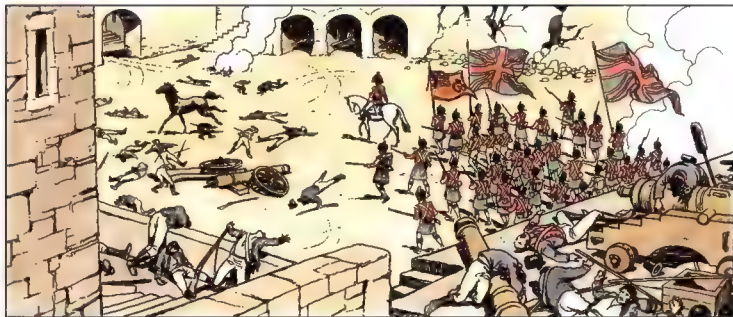


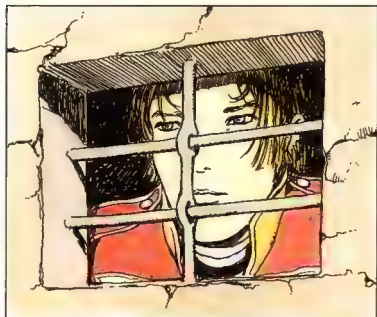
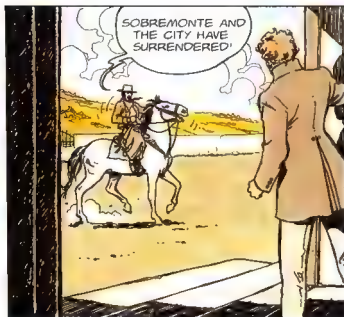
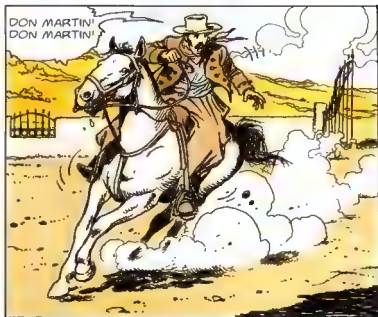


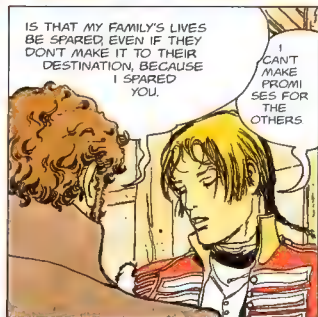




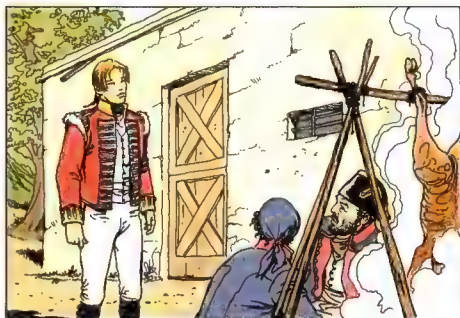
















WHERE
ARE
THEY?

GONE THE GRINGOS
LANDED AND ARE PROBABLY
OCCUPYING BUENOS AIRES.
DON MARTIN ASKED THAT
YOU BE ESCORTED TO SAN
FERNANDO. HE FREED
THE BOY AND
THE OTHER BLACKS
ARE GETTING
THE CART
READY.



GOOD, BECAUSE OVER
THERE, THE CANDOMBE
HUT IS FULL OF
ENGLISH FRIENDS
OF YOURS.

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN,
FRIENDS
OF MINE?

YES, YOUR FRIENDS...A
HUNCHBACK, A SAILOR
AND FOUR GIRLS, ALL
DESSERTERS.

MATTHEW,
CLAGG
AND
MOLLY?

I DON'T KNOW THEIR
NAMES BUT THE HUNCHBACK
SAVED SEÑORITA AURELIANA'S
LIFE AND KILLED
THAT SCUM OF
A SOLDIER,
REYES.

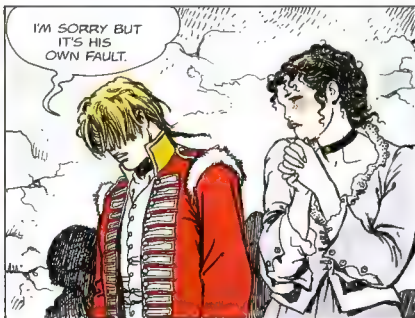












LATER.

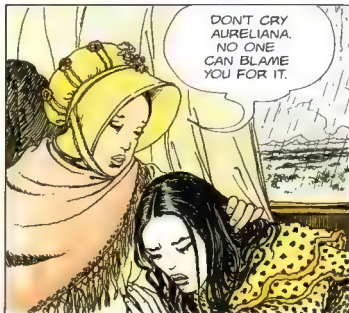


WE COULD
HAVE STAYED
THERE,
TOGETHER.

AND WHAT WOULD WE
HAVE TO LIVE ON? AT
LEAST WITH THE
MASTERS, WE'LL ALWAYS
HAVE SOMETHING
TO EAT



DON'T CRY
AURELIANA.
NO ONE
CAN BLAME
YOU FOR IT.



BAH...IF WE CRIED
EVERY TIME YOU
GOT YOUR ASS
RAMMED, WE'D
HAVE A
FLOOD

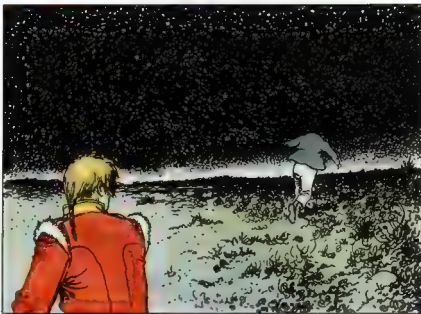
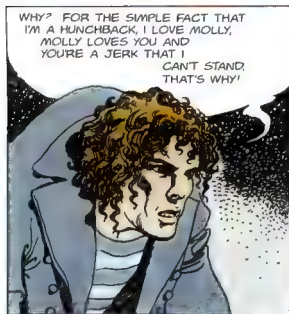
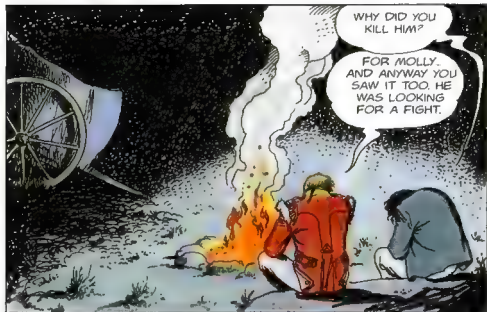
AND YOU
KNOW A
BIT ABOUT
IT!

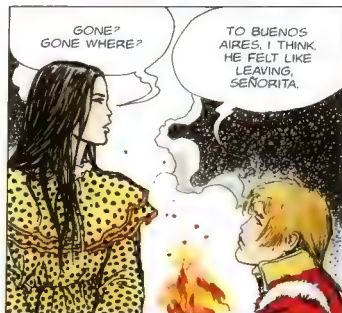


MY NAME IS JUAN
MANUEL DE ROSA
AND I'M A VOLUNTEER.
I CAN TELL YOU THAT
YOUR ENGLISH MATES
WON'T LAST LONG AT
BUENOS AIRES

THEY AREN'T
MY ENGLISH
MATES I'M AN
IRISH SERVANT
WHO IS RUNNING
AWAY







JUNE 29TH.



SAN FERNANDO,
JUNE 30TH.



SEE YOU AGAIN,
ONE DAY...MAYBE
AT THE IMPERIAL
CITY?

GOOD-BYE,
MANUEL.

JULY 5TH

I'M TELLING YOU THAT ALL THE
ENGLISH AND IRISH PEOPLE
IN BUENOS AIRES HAVE RECEIVED
CERTIFICATES AND BEEN GRANTED
AN AMNESTY TOWARDS THEIR DEBTS
AND PAST CONDEMNATIONS. EVEN
MY MOTHER IS FREE NOW. WE
COULD MOVE TO AN INN AND
LIVE DECENTLY.

THAT WON'T LAST.
THE PEOPLE HERE
ARE GETTING READY
TO RECONQUER
THEIR LAND

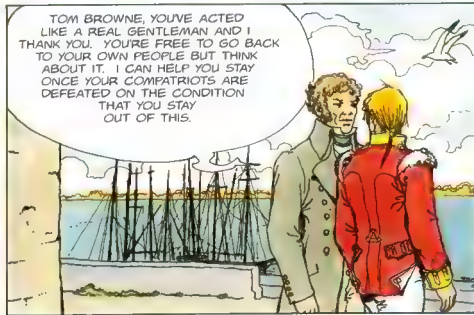


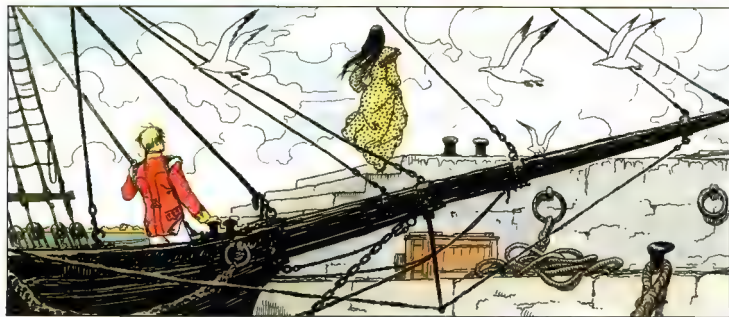
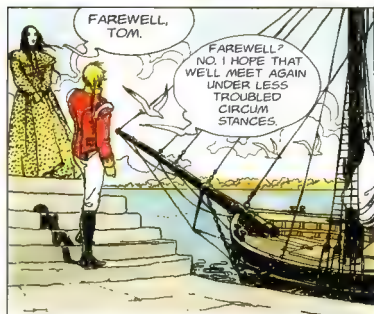
JULY 7TH

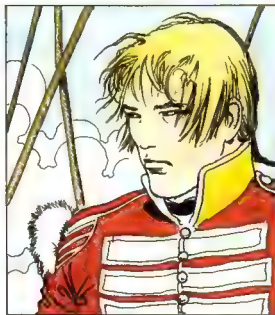
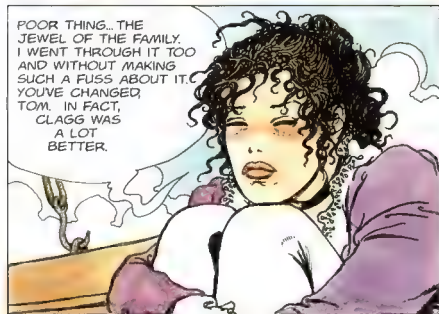
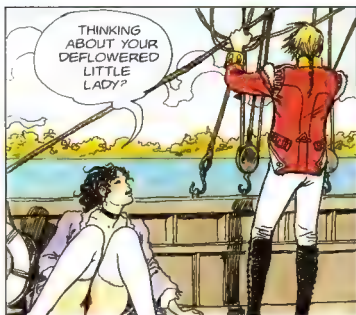
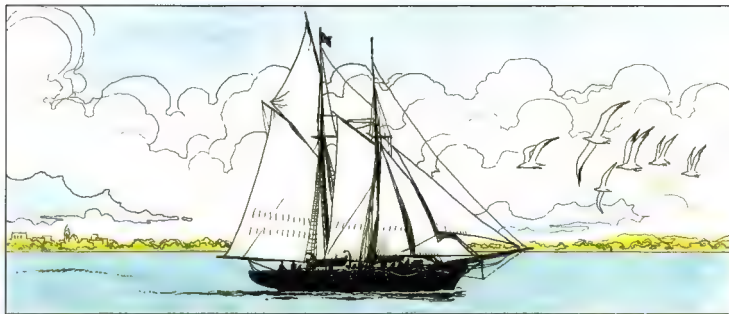
MY COUSIN
HAS JUST
ARRIVED. HE
WANTS TO
TALK TO YOU.

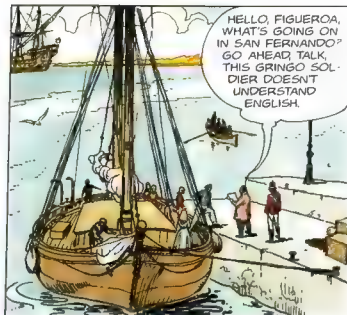


TOM BROWNE, YOU'VE ACTED
LIKE A REAL GENTLEMAN AND I
THANK YOU. YOU'RE FREE TO GO BACK
TO YOUR OWN PEOPLE BUT THINK
ABOUT IT. I CAN HELP YOU STAY
ONCE YOUR COMPATRIOTS ARE
DEFEATED ON THE CONDITION
THAT YOU STAY
OUT OF THIS.









YOU'RE THE ONE HE LEFT THERE, NOT THESE GIRLS. THE EVENING OF THE 23RD, THEY WERE STILL DANCING ON BOARD

